

Reverse Me 3: Savoie

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Reverse Me 3: Savoie

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

The 3rd and final story in the Reverse Me trilogy. Inspired by Quebec folk tales and legends, this is the tale of a blood stopper and nature's fury.

A translation of [Reverse Me 3: Savoie \(VF\)](#) by [MiaQc](#)

Once upon a time, in a remote corner of Quebec (Canada), lumberjacks spent the fall in a camp. When they weren't busy cutting wood, they spent their evenings in front of the campfire telling stories or playing cards. Of course, beer was good company, as long as it wasn't abused. But then there was Balsamé Jr. Forcier. Balsamé, whom everyone called Samé, was like his father. He was an inconvenient man, often a drinker, and a troublemaker. Many people thought that his father had made a deal with the devil and that Samé "had it in him".

As soon as he arrived at the lumber camp, Samé made his presence felt, and not in a good way. When he wasn't looking for a fight, while half-drunk, he went into the woods to slaughter trees. Of course, every woodcutter has to cut down trees, but Samé abused them. He cut down the youngest ones, often halfway, ripped off branches, and left some to rot. The other lumberjacks let him do this, not wanting to cause unnecessary trouble, but there was one man in the camp who didn't tolerate his actions against nature. Yolain Savoie. Savoie, the thirteenth son of his family. Savoie, the only one who called Samé by his family name. Savoie, the wise. Savoie, the blood stopper.

"I'm warning you, Forcier. If you continue..."

"What are you going to do, *osti de câlisse*?"

Samé wasn't completely drunk, but he could still blow a gasket and get violent pretty quickly. Savoie just looked at him and continued talking.

"You shouldn't swear like that."

"Why? Because the good Lord is going to punish me for my so-called sins?"

"I don't think God has time for you. Yes, you will be punished for your sins, that's for sure, but not by Him."

"By whom, then?"

"By the forest's spirits."

Savoie had spoken these words in a calm and collected tone. Other lumberjacks, who were listening to their conversation, tended to listen more.

"The spirits... *esti*... you're a madman. You know that, Savoie? You're a goddamn *tabarnak* freak."

"I repeat, you shouldn't swear."

"What do you care how I talk, *esti*?"

"I only wanted to tell you that if you continue to mistreat the forest, the spirits will make you pay. Also, God doesn't like those who swear all the time."

"But *crisse d'osti de câlisse*! You're pissing me off!"

"Fine. If I'm going to make you 'piss' so much, I might as well leave you with your shit!"

Savoie walked away and some of the lumberjacks started to laugh out loud. Samé had received quite one!

"Oh, and one more thing, don't come to me if your vital fluid is leaking. I'm not going to help you!"

Forcier shouted a long swearword at him. Savoie just smiled at him before going for a walk in the forest.

As the thirteenth son, Savoie had inherited a divine gift. He could stop the flow of blood, no matter the wound. That is why he was a "blood stopper". He had saved many lives and his name was known in the area. Despite all the praise, he had always refused the money his "patients" wanted to give him, and he had always lived humbly.

Savoie had hired himself to "care" for the camp's lumberjacks during the fall, and they all liked him, except Samé of course. Savoie had never liked that kind of human being. The worst kind. He wouldn't have been surprised if he had been told that Samé had already made a contract with the Devil himself. After all, if the rumors about his father were true...

As Savoie walked through the trees, he heard a strange sound. A kind of moaning. Had someone gotten lost in the woods?

"HEY! ANYONE THERE?"

No human answer. Only this strange moan.

"I'M HERE!"

Still nothing. Suddenly, the wind picked up and the autumn leaves began a strange choreography. Savoie thought he saw a sign as he watched the leaves. The moaning increased sharply and Savoie plugged his ears for fear of going deaf. Then he saw a thin line of blood flowing from the trees. *No...* From this line, others were added and all the trees around Savoie were bleeding. *By the grace of God, this is horrible! I must do something for these unfortunate trees!* Despite the loud groan, Savoie went to rest his hands on a wounded tree and concentrated. His gift of stopping blood refused to trigger. The tree was still bleeding. *No... No... there must be a way to...*

"Cut." Suddenly says a voice.

"Huh?" Replies Savoie surprised.

"Cut. It's too late for me."

"Who spoke?"

"It is me, the tree, or rather the tree's spirit. This cursed man hurts us, day after day. The Devil must have blessed him in some way. I don't fear death, for it is part of life, and my brothers will avenge me."

"I..."

"Cut, cut, CUT!"

"I can't. I'm a lousy lumberjack. I'll hurt you more."

"Then let me suffer...let US suffer alone."

The moaning stopped and the blood disappeared from the trees. Savoie, knowing full well who was responsible, returned to the camp to find Samé, but Forcier had left.

"Where did he go?" Savoie asks a lumberjack.

"Somewhere. All there is around us is wood, wood, and more wood."

"Then we're not going to see it again."

"Why do you say that, Savoie?"

"Because..."

Suddenly, an inhuman scream was heard. The woodcutter who was with Savoie screamed that it was a demon-possessed person and ran to

hide in a tent. The other lumberjacks did the same, the cowards!, and Savoie ran to the source of the scream. He was sure to find Samé there, and he was right.

Between two trees, Samé screamed at the top of his lungs as an invisible force tore at his arms and legs. The trees bled again and their branches grabbed Samé, choking him. A cacophony of voices echoed in the air, saying that their vengeance had been fulfilled and that nature must be respected or others would suffer the same fate as the cursed man, Balsamé Jr. Forcier.

Then all became silent. The trees' blood vanished and Savoie, still stunned by the power of the spirits, walked slowly towards the camp. Suddenly, his boot trampled something. A pocket watch. The watch had a large chain and a gold cover with six colored dots. One red, one blue, one yellow, one orange, one green and one purple. As soon as he took it in his hands, a message appeared on the ground.

The Marvelous Watch allows you to go back in time to repair your mistakes. To use it, carry it and say: "O timepiece, reverse me". *A cursed watch, rather! Go back in time... why would I go back in time? To save this cursed Forcier?*

"O timepiece, Reverse Not Me! HA HA HA!"

He threw the watch away and it fell near a tree. Strangely, it had not broken.

Savoie arrived at the camp, but it was deserted. Where had the woodcutters gone? Finding a letter written by Béraud, one of the only literate lumberjacks, Savoie learned, with horror, that while he was away they had all made a pact with the Devil to travel with the chasse-galerie. The mythical flying canoe. No one wanted to stay at the camp and continue working. *The fools! They're going to lose their souls to the Devil! Even if they didn't lose them, the chasse-galerie is still going back and forth, so they'll be back here sooner or later.* Savoie sighed with discouragement. For a moment, he thought about the watch, but he pushed this demonic idea out of his mind.

Yolain Savoie may have been a blood stopper, but he wasn't God. He couldn't save everyone, their bodies as well as their souls, so Savoie simply went back to his tent to take a nap. If the woodcutters returned, he would be there to greet them. If not, he would return home.

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